UNITY. FREEDOM.

THE

Unitarian

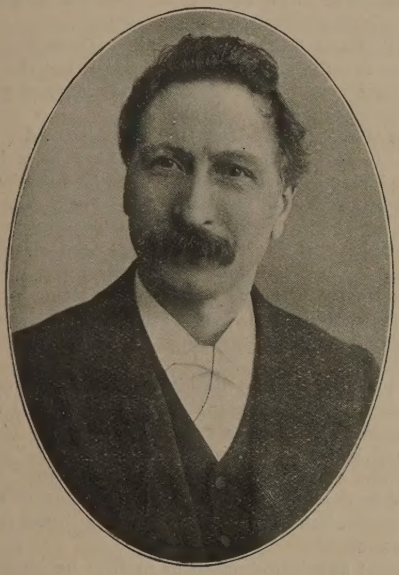
MONTHLY.

An Organ of Reasonable Religion.

"One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."—*Tennyson.*

FAITH. FELLOWSHIP.

No. 61. [Vol. V.—10] October, 1908. ONE PENNY.



Rev. J. MORLEY MILLS.

A convert from Orthodoxy. Formerly a Wesleyan preacher. Scientific and Biblical study brought him to Unitarianism. Preparation of addresses on "The Lord's Prayer" had discovered to him that Jesus taught no 'orthodox' atonement. Realised his Unitarian position by attending a Unitarian service at Chapel-lane, Bradford. Became an acceptable preacher in Unitarian pulpits in connection with the Yorkshire Unitarian Union. Minister Nantwich, 1892, where he put new life into the old congregation during eight years earnest labour, took an active part in the public life of the town, and for seven years was the efficient secretary of the South Cheshire and District Sunday School Union. Now minister Bootle (Unitarian) Free Church, Liverpool, from 1900; is President Liverpool Sunday School Society; has served as effective propagandist preacher with the Unitarian Van Mission; possesses a fluent and homely style of utterance as a preacher, along with Methodistic fervour in delivery; has a way of making things move; and has been an occasional contributor to these pages, and to the Unitarian weeklies.

Varieties.

If I, weak mortal, would not will these things,
Nor on my bitterest foe inflict such doom,
How is it possible that He whose thoughts
Are higher than our thoughts, whose perfect ways
Are higher than our ways, can thus be found
More cruel, more revengeful than a man?

——— —H. W. Hawkes.

The triumph of its doctrines would be, not the ascendancy of one sect, but the harmony of all.

—James Martineau, on Unitarianism.

———

Our very progress, which is our peculiar glory, consists in at once losing and learning the past; in gaining fresh stations from which to take a wiser retrospect, and become more deeply aware of the treasures we have used.

—James Martineau, on Unitarianism, 1843.

———

You take humanity on trust,
And see some merit in another;
Give me your hand—you shall—you must;—
I love you as a brother! —Mackay.

———

We look around us, and all seems to change; the theology of our fathers is unreadable. The soul of man remains the same: God still speaks, in reason, conscience, faith—is still immanent in his children.

—Theodore Parker, 1842.

———

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and nature,
Believe ye that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not;
That the feeble hands and helpless
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in the darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened.

—Longfellow.

The Song of the Blouse.

Hour after hour, in the stifling heat,
  She stitches, in hunger and care,
In a squalid room in a squalid street,
  The blouse which another will wear;
Or, with weary effort to try and keep
  Body and soul together,
Will rise from sleep, at the first grey peep
  Of dawn, in the wintriest weather.

The hum of the bees and the breath of the cows,
  The hedgerows all; fragrant and green
Are for others—her lot is the cult of the blouse
  And the song of the sewing machine.
No time to laugh and no time to weep
  With her—none to trouble how fares it—
For the blouse was cheap, and the stairs too steep
  To climb, says the woman who wears it.

All the day long the rattle and click
  In the heat and the glare and the dust,
Till body and brain and heart are sick
  (On a cup of tea and a crust);
For there's rent to be earned and, you may be sure,
  Little to spare when she's paid it—
Oh, the difference sore 'twixt the woman who wore
  The blouse and the woman who made it-

A. L. H.

The Soul Wins.

By the Author of "Randal's Principle," "For All or None," &c.

CHAPTER X.

Poor Jasper Toone was unconscious. Jim tried all he could to resuscitate him, but without avail. Then he hurried to the village to fetch the doctor and to secure other aid.

But Jasper was dead. From the evidence at the inquest afterwards it was clear that recent events had preyed somewhat upon his mind, which was evidently weak, and that he had committed suicide.

It was announced, to Jim's great joy, that Mr. Randal Wray, the now famous lecturer and propagandist, was to give a lecture in the locality on "Man, the Reformer," and of course, he resolved to go and hear him.

The occasion arrived. Jim went to the lecture. The hall was filled with people who had come from all parts of the surrounding country.

While sitting in the audience before the lecture began, Jim was much interested in conversation that was going on around him. Indeed the whole room seemed to hum with the buzz of subdued talk. Two men behind him began to speak to each other about the lecturer:

"I'm a bit surprised to see you here, Samuel," said one. "I thought a strong Methody like you wouldn't be seen listening to a fellow like Randal Wray."

"Did you? Well you see I've heard so much about this man. Some say he is an Atheist, others say he is a deeply religious man and some reckon he is an Anarchist, and yet others say he is a Socialist, and I've heard that he is neither one nor the other, but that he is a good man and a fine speaker, so I thought I would come and hear him and judge for myself."

"Well, I'm thinking Sammy, that he is an Atheist from your point of view."

"How do you mean? Doesn't he believe in a God?"

"Oh, yes, he believes in a God right enough, perhaps a great deal more than you do; but he does not believe at all in your God."

"In my God? I don't quite follow you. There's only one God anywhere. If he believes in God at all it is in the same God that I believe."

"Well, Samuel, it is, and it isn't. Though in reality there is only one God over all, He is not the same as the one you think. And Randal Wray does not believe in the God you think."

"The God I think—isn't that the real God?"

"No, it isn't. The God you think of is a brute. He sends to everlasting hell people who have had no chance of being good in this world,—people who have been kept in the dark, people who have been compelled to sin, people who have not been allowed to be good,—your God punishes them for something that is not their fault, and tortures them for ever and ever without end. Randal Wray says there is no God of that sort, and so if that's the only God, he is an Atheist."

But now the lecturer Randal Wray himself enters. At once there is a general clapping. There is no Chairman. The lecturer is quite alone. Just an ordinary looking man. Nothing of the "swell" about him, and no attempt at "evening dress" attire. But he is the picture of health, and there is an instant suggestion of neatness and cleanliness in his appearance.

Without any introduction or preface he plunges at once into his subject in quite a conversational manner. There is an ease of demeanour, a geniality of tone, and a homeliness of language, that at once make his audience feel completely at home with him.

He refers to Ralph Waldo Emerson's essay on the subject. Speaks incidentally about Emerson himself and his work. From Emerson he takes his text: "What is a man born for, but to be a Re-former, a Re-maker of what man has made; a renouncer of lies; a restorer of truth and good";—"all particular reforms are the removing of some impediment."

In a most graphic way he describes what has been done by Mahomet, by Martin Luther, by John Wesley, by John Howard, by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and by such women saints as Florence Nightingale and Dorothea Dix. They all saw that there was something wrong and set themselves to put it right. They did not resent the duty laid upon them as did Hamlet:

"O cursed spite
  That ever I was born to set it right,"

but entered upon their work as upon a God-given task. How grandly this shows that man is not the creature of circumstances so much as the maker of circumstances! Not a mere helpless puppet pulled this way and that by fate, but a Decider who determines and gives shape to the present and the future. Yet, man! Reform thyself—if thou would'st a great reformer be. Fight the bad habit till it loses its grip; persist in good till it becomes easy—and the soul within thee must win—as it has done, over and over again in every grand and noble life. — Then there was a final appeal to the sublimest examples of heroic effort in history, ending with the greatest of them all—the hero who came out of Nazareth. It was a fine lecture. The audience seemed carried away; and as they departed all felt they had been inspired.

Jim was wending in the direction of home deep in thought, and suddenly he heard a voice at his side:

"Mr. James McCracken, I believe."

He turned his head at once to see in the semi-darkness whose familiar voice it could be. It was that of a female about two yards away walking abreast with him in the same direction.

"Oh, I beg pardon—is that you Patty? I really was not aware of any company so near me, and you of all people."

"Evidently sir, my presence does not make itself felt very readily, for I must have been walking near you some minutes but your mind seemed so absent, and so deeply wrapped up in all-absorbing thought that I feared to break in upon your meditations,—and yet if I had passed you without speaking it would not have been kind. Would it now? But I suppose you have been to the lecture and that you were thinking of that."

"Yes, Patty, that's just it. Have you been to the lecture, too?"

"Yes, I have; and it has been splendid; don't you think so? What do you think of it?"

"Think?—I think it is wonderful. I think human life is grand in its fine examples. I think man can be anything he resolves to be—and woman, too. I think, Patty, it is all true that he has said, and as you have said more than once to me—that "The Soul Wins.'"

(To be continued.)

Self-Reliance.

"The power which resides in him (man) is now in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried."

Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind."

"If you maintain a dead church, contribute to a dead Bible Society, vote with a great party either for the Government or against it, spread your table like base housekeepers, under all these screens I have difficulty to detect the precise man you are. And, of course, so much force is withdrawn from your proper life. But do your work, and I shall know you. Do your work, and you shall re-inforce yourself. A man must consider what a blind-man's bluff is this game of conformity. If I know your sect, I anticipate your argument."

"It demands something God-like in him who has cast off the common motives of humanity and has ventured to trust himself for a taskmaster."

"We want men and women who shall renovate life and our social state."

"Everywhere I am hindered of meeting God in my brother, because he has shut his own temple doors and recites fables merely of his brother's or his brother's brother's God."

—R. W. Emerson.

The Unitarian Outlook.

All truth that has ever come to the world is, as far as it goes, a revelation of the divine. When the astronomer studies the heavens to find out the true system of the stars, he is entitled to say with Kepler "O God, I think over again thy thoughts after thee!"

All truth is from God, as all light is from the sun. Gaslight, electric-light, the light of the wood fire or of the coal in your grate, the gleam of the diamond—all is sunlight, no matter through what medium it may come or in what country it may be seen. So all truth is God's truth, whether it be called Pagan or Christian. All truth that bears on the culture of the human soul, the development of human life, is part of the unfolding revelation of the divine.

God comes as fast as the world is able to receive him. He comes to the mind as truth, into the heart as love, and into the character as righteousness.

Is it not good news to the world to believe that God is the Father of every child that has ever been created, has never for a moment forgotten his love, but that he is ever leading and lifting every one in his struggle toward the higher and the better life?

We believe it to be scientifically settled—that is, established by the scientific relation of God's truth—that there never has been any fall of man. Rather do we place, as the corner-stone of the theology of the future, the ascent of man!

"Now are we sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be!"

We believe that God is progressively incarnating himself in the human race. Dr. Lyman Abbott, of Plymouth Church, the editor of the "Outlook," said some years ago, that he did not believe there was any difference in kind between God and Jesus and man. He believed that man was God minus infinity, and God was man plus infinity. Our conception of Jesus is that he is divine as man may be divine.

Perfect man is that which Jesus has pointed out as the ideal for all of us to seek to attain. "Be ye therefore perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect."

—M. J. SAVAGE, D.D., in "The Passing and the Permanent in Religion." (Price 6d.)

Home Circle.

THE GORSEDD (Welsh) PRAYER:

Grant, O God, thy protection;
And, in protection, strength;
And, in strength, understanding;
And, in understanding, knowledge;
And, in knowledge, knowledge of righteousness;
And, in knowledge of righteousness, the love of it;
And, in that love, the love of everything;
And, in the love of everything, the love of God,
God and all goodness.

Days are too short to snip them up into little bits by bad temper; it is only a stupid sheep-shearer that spoils the fleece by snapping at it sharp and hard.—Bébée, in "Two little Wooden Shoes" (Ouida).

Think what a price to pay,
Faces so bright and gay,
Just for a hat!
Flowers unvisited, mornings unsung,
Sea-ranges bare of the wings that o'er swing
Bared just for that.

This verse is part of a poem written by the Rev. Wm. C. Gannet, a Unitarian Minister of U.S.A., which was printed fully in one of our issues this year. He was inspired to write it by reading the following in a newspaper:—

"One London dealer in birds received, when the fashion was at its height, a single consignment of thirty-two thousand dead humming-birds and another received at one time thirty-thousand aquatic birds, and three hundred thousand pairs of wings."—Girls, what do—you—think of it? Will you tell the Editor?

"The girls that are wanted are good girls,
Good from the heart to the lips;
Pure, as the lily is white and pure,
From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.
The girls that are wanted are house girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand;
That fathers and brothers can trust to,
And the little ones understand."

There is a dignity of peasants as well as of kings—the dignity that comes from all absence of effort, all freedom from pretence. Bébée had this, and she had more still than this: she had the absolute simplicity of childhood with her still.

Some women have it still when they are fourscore. —Ouida.

"Then go to the battle of life, my boy,
With the peace of the Gospel shod,
And before high heaven do the best you can,
For the great reward and good of man,
For the kingdom and crown of God."

Any of our younger readers are asked to tell the Editor what they think of:

The "Satan" of the book of Job.
Where did the Jews get the idea of Satan from?
What does the mention of "Satan" in "Job" indicate concerning the fixing of the time when that book was written?
What difference is there between this idea of Satan, and that held by the Jews in the time of Jesus, and that held by orthodox Christians since?
What is your opinion of the existence of any Satan and of the orthodox doctrine of Satan?

Any reader sending the Editor a short essay answering to these matters, in length not less than 300 words will receive from him a bound volume of "Unity." Please state full name, age, and address, for the private information of the Editor.

A negro deacon prayed earnestly that he and his coloured brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsetting sin" (of intoxication). "Bruddar," said one of his friends at the close of the meeting, "You ain't got de hang of dat ar word. It's besettin', not upsettin'." "Brudda," replied the other, "if dat's so, it's so, but I was a-prayin' Providence to save us from the sin of intoxication, an' if dat ain't an upsettin' sin, I dunno what am."

An ear that waits to catch
A hand upon the latch,
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win.
A world of care without,
A world of strife shut out,
A world of love shut in.
—Dora Greenwell, on "Home."

Once Wendell Phillips' devotion to his wife was shown as follows; he had been lecturing in a neighbouring town and his friends entreated him not to return to Boston. "The last train has left," they said "and you will be obliged to take a carriage into the city. It is a sleety November night, cold and raw; and you will have twelve miles of rough riding before you get home." To which he replied, "But at the other end of them I shall find Anne Phillips."

The Child's Pinafore.

Marianne Farningham, in her autobiography,—"A Working Woman's Life" says that when she was a little girl:

"Once, in trying to get through a hedge, I tore a pinafore that was nearly new. A poor, sobered, remorseful child I was as I went home with the thought of my mother before me. It happened, however, that she was out, and so I put myself to bed that night. Kneeling beside the bed, and repeating my prayers, the thought of God suddenly came to me. In a flash I remembered what I had been told about Him, that He was good and great and could do every-

thing, that He loved good children, and even forgave naughty ones; and the thought occurred to me that I had only to pray and He would mend my pinafore for me. So I asked Him to do it, saying over and over again, 'O Lord, have mercy upon me, and mend my pinafore for me, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen.' Then I got into bed and waited, closing my eyes in awe and expectation. Several times I got out to pray again and examine the hole, and at first it seemed to me that it was really getting smaller, but after a time the disappointing conviction was forced upon me that the hole remained exactly the same; and I lay in my bed softly sobbing for the unanswered prayer — not knowing how many thousands had done so before me. I had several aunts whom I loved, sisters of my mother, but the dearest was Aunt Mary. She came into the room, and stooping to kiss me, discovered that I was awake, and crying. I was comforted in her kind arms, and soon told her the whole story—how anxious I was that mother should not know that I had torn my pinafore, and how disappointed I was in God. Said my aunt 'I will mend it for you. Perhaps that is God's way of answering you. Perhaps He sent me here to-night on purpose. Now try to trust in Him and go to sleep.' I did; and never a word did I hear from my mother about that torn pinafore. I have many times since imagined the smiles of the little family group downstairs, but I think it was very sweet of them not to laugh away my faith." (Pages 23-4.)

Children's Hymns—and Hell.

In her "Life," Marianne Farningham writes of the time when she was a child in attendance at Sunday School, as follows:—

"As to the hymns which I learned, and repeated to my teachers, I am amazed that books containing them were ever put into the hands of children. Of course like everybody in the school, I learned—

'There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains,
Where sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains.'

;We sang the words glibly enough and without much thought of what they meant, but I am none the less sure that the theology of the day, and particularly of those hymns, had considerable influence on the minds of the young singers. Hell was a very real thing to me, and I had a curious fancy, when a very young child, that it was underground, and that there was one entrance to it from a certain place just outside Farningham, which was called Whitepost Hill. Many a time when I have been walking up that road alone, with a weight of many sins upon my conscience, I have been afraid there would be an earthquake which would swallow me up; and I have run over it in breathless haste and with panting prayers. Once, in a very dry season, there was a slight fissure in the road, and until the merciful rain came and healed it I often slipped away from my home to see if it had grown wider, for I quite expected to meet my doom there." (pp. 28-9,—"A Working Woman's Life.")

Unitarians have reason to be very thankful that their children find no such fearful doctrines in their Sunday School hymn books, and that the young minds are not worked upon by any such dreadful ideas.

Our Doctrine of Salvation.

We should all be very careful not to misrepresent the beliefs of other communions and individuals. It is to be feared that too many of us do not take sufficient pains to find out exactly—and from as near as possible to the fountain head—where those who differ from us actually stand. People are too apt to accept unquestioned what they are told by their spiritual leaders—who they naturally think ought to know—with regard to the beliefs held by members of other households of faith. Perhaps no denomination has suffered more from this lazy and reprehensible habit than the Unitarian. Among other misrepresented beliefs, our conception of salvation comes in for a deal of cheap estimating and fallacious reasoning. Hearing that we believe in the salvation of every human soul, we are sometimes held to believe that since the salvation of all is assured, personal moral effort is of little account. In reality, nothing could be further from the truth, for we believe that no soul will be saved without personal moral effort. Here is our doctrine of salvation in the words of Dr. Savage, of New York:—

We do not believe it is possible for a human soul ultimately to be lost. Why? Because we believe in God. God either can save all souls, or He cannot. If He can and will not, then He is not God; if He would and cannot, then He is not God. Let us reverently say it: He is under an infinite obligation to His own self, to His own righteousness, to His own truth, His own power, His own love, His own character, to see to it that all souls, some time, are reconciled to Him.

This does not mean a poor, cheap, an easy salvation. It means that every broken law must have its consequences so long as it remains broken. It means that in this world and through all worlds the lawbreaker is to be followed by the natural and necessary results of his thoughts, of his words, of his deeds; but it means that in this punishment the pain is a part of the divine love. For that love of God makes it absolutely necessary that the object of that love should be delivered from sin and wrong, and brought into reconciliation with Himself; and the pain, the necessary results of wrongdoing, is part of the divine tenderness, a part of the divine faithfulness, a part of the divine love.

So we believe that, through darkness or through light, through joy or through sorrow, some time, somewhere, every child of God should be brought into His presence, ready to sing the song of peace and joy and reconciled love.

Our Sermonette.

RELIGION—A SOURCE OF JOY.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

"I will go unto God, my exceeding joy."—Ps. 43—4.

Joy is not often mentioned in religious books. It is sometimes thought to have no place in religion; at least none here and now. The joy of the religious man is thought to be chiefly in the future. Religion is painted with a sad countenance. Artists sometimes mix joyous colours in their representations thereof, but theologians never. With them, religion is gloomy, and grim. This is eminently the case in New England. The Puritans as a class were devoutly religious in their way, but they were sad men; they had many fast-days and few times of rejoicing. Even Sunday, which to the rest of Christendom was an occasion of festivity, was to them a day of grimness and of fearing the Lord; a weariness to the old men, and an intolerable burden to the children.

The Catholic Church is less serious . . . but even there little room is left for joy. Their richest music is a "Miserere,'" not an "Exultemus" or a "Te Deum."

Take the Christian Church, as a whole, from its first day to this; study all expressions of the religious feeling and thought of Christendom, in literature, painting, and music, it is strangely deficient in joy.

The piety of a round-faced and joyous man is always a little suspected. The Cross is still the popular symbol of Christianity, and the type of the Saint is a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, having no form or comeliness. Sermons of joy you seldom hear; the voice of the pulpit is mainly a whine.

If religion be the service of God by the normal development, use, and enjoyment of every limb of the body, every faculty of the spirit, and every power acquired over matter or man, then it is plain that religion must always aim at, and under favourable circumstances will achieve, a complete and total joy for all men.

Everybody knows the joy of the senses. The higher faculties have a corresponding joy. As there is a scale of faculties ascending from the sense of touch and taste, the first developed and most widely spread in the world of living things, up to affection, rejoicing to delight, and to the religious emotions which consciously connect us with the Infinite God; so there is a corresponding scale of joys, delight rising above delight, from the baby fed by his mother's breast to the most experienced man, enlarged by science and by art, filled with a tranquil trust in the infinite protection of the all-bounteous God. The higher the faculty, the more transcendent is its joy.

The partial and transient joy of any faculty comes from the fractional and brief fulfilment of the conditions of its nature; the complete and permanent joy of the whole man comes from a total and continuous supply of the conditions of the entire nature of man.

Now for this complete and lasting joy, these conditions must be fulfilled for me as an individual, for my family, for my neighbourhood, for my nation, and for the world, else my joy is not complete; for though I can in thought for a moment abstract myself from the family, society, nation, and from all mankind, it is but for a moment. Practically, I am bound up with all the world; an integer indeed, but a fraction of mankind. I cannot enjoy my daily bread because of the hunger of the men I fain would feed. I am not wholly and long delighted with a book relating some new wonder of science, or offering me some jewelled diadem of literary art, because, I think straightway of the thousand brother men in this town to whom even the old wonders of science and the ancient diadems of literary art are all unknown. The morsel that I eat alone is not sweet, because the fatherless has not eaten it with me. Yet we all desire this complete joy; we are not content without it; I feel it belongs to me, to all men, as individuals and as fractions of society. When mankind comes of age he must enter on this estate. The very desire thereof shows it is a part of the Divine plan of the world, for each natural desire has the means to satisfy it put somewhere in the universe, and there is a mutual attraction between the two, which at last must meet. Natural desire is the prophesy of satisfaction.

Look over the bountiful distribution of joy in the world. It abounds in the lower walks of creation. . . . The young of all animals are full of delight. God baptizes his new-born children of the air, the land, the sea, with joy; admits them to full communion in his great Church, where He that taketh thought for oxen suffers no sparrow to fall to the ground without His fatherly love. . . . As they grow older they have a wider and a wiser joy. . . It takes the form, not of rude leapings, but of quiet cheerfulness. The matronly cow, ruminating beside her playful and hornless little one, is a type of quiet joy and entire satisfaction—all her nature clothed in well-befitting happiness.

A similar joy appears in young children, well born and well nurtured. . . . In the world of adult men there is much less of this joy. . . Our faces are care stricken, not many joyous. . . The songs of the people are mostly sad.

There are two chief causes for this lack of joy with men:—I. We have not fulfilled the necessary material conditions thereof. The individual has not kept the natural law, and hence. . . from intemperance or want, from lack of harmony within—or—not in unison with things around— . . he has a miserable body, or lacks development of spiritual powers, or is poor and needs material supplies.

Or, if the special individual is right in all these things, and so might have his personal joy, the mass of men in your neighbourhood, your nation, or the world, are deficient in all these, in body, mind, and estate, and with your individual joy there comes a social grief. . . Man is social not less than personal; sympathy is national, even human, reaching

out to the ends of the earth; and if the hungry cry of those who have reaped down the world's harvest smite your ear, why, your bread turns sour, and is bread of affliction. . . . The sad experience of the world shows this—that man must find his joy, not in subordinating himself to matter . . but in subordinating matter to mind, instinct to conscious reason, and then co-ordinating all men into one family of religious love.

II. Here is the other cause: false notions of religion—false ideas of God, of man, and of the relation between the two. We are bid to think it wicked to be joyous. In the common opinion of churches a religious man must be a sad man, his tears become his meat. . . , If men think that man is a worm, and God has lifted the heavenly heel to give him a squelch which shall last for ever, the relation between God and man is certainly not pleasant for us to think of.

This is a great loss, for, setting aside the extravagance, the claim to miraculous communion with God, putting aside all ecstasy, as only the insanity of religious action, it is true that, in its widest sense and in its highest form, religion is a source of the deepest and noblest joys of man.

A true form of religion does not interfere with any natural delight of man. True religion is normal life, not of one faculty alone, but of all in due co-ordination. The human consciousness of the Infinite God will show itself, not merely in belief, or prayer and thanksgiving, but by the legitimate action of every limb of the body and every faculty of the spirit.

The love of truth and beauty, of justice and right, of men—are but parts of the great integral piety, the love of God, the Author of Truth, of Justice, and of Love. The normal delight in God's world, the animal joy in material things, the intellectual in truth and beauty, the moral in justice and right, the affectional delight in the persons of men, the satisfactions of labour of hand or head or heart—all these are part of our large delight in God, for religion is not one thing and life another, but the two are one. The normal and conscious worship of the Infinite God will enlarge every faculty, enhancing its quantity and quality of delight.

Religion enlarges a man's power of friendship and philanthropy, and consequently enhances the delights of both. . . Religion has delights peculiar to the religious faculty, the happiness of the soul. I love the Infinite God as the ideal of all perfection—beauty to the imagination, truth to the reason, justice to the conscience, the perfect person to the affections, the Infinite and Self-faithful God to the Soul. With this there vanishes away all fear of God, all fear of ultimate evil for anything that is. If this escape from fear of God were all, that alone were a great thing.

With a knowledge of the Infinite God, and with a fair development of the religious faculties, you cease to fear, you love. . . . Instead of fear, a sense of complete and absolute trust in God comes in, gives you repose and peace, filling you with tranquilty and dear delight in God. . . . With this tranquilty of trust there comes a still, a peculiar, and silent joy in God. You feel your delight in Him, and His in you. The man is not beside himself, he is self-possessed and cool. There is no ecstacy, no fancied 'being swallowed up in God'; but there is a lasting inward sweetness and abiding joy. It will not come out in raptures; it will not pray all night, making much ado for nothing done; but it will fill the whole man with beatitudes, with delight in the Infinite God. There will be a calm and habitual peace, a light around the mortal brow, but a light which passes from glory to glory till it changes into perfect fulness of delicious joy.

The development of religion in man is the condition of the highest happiness. Temperance, the piety of the body, prepares that for the corporal joys, the humble in their place, the highest in their own; wisdom, the piety of mind—justice, the piety of conscience, and love, the piety of affections,—the love of God with all our varied faculties—these furnish us the complete spiritual joy which is the birthright of each man. It is the function of religion to minister to this happiness, which comes of self-denial for the sake of God. All that ancient saints ever had thereof, the peace which the world could not give, the rest unto the soul, which Jesus spoke of—all these are for you and me, here and now, and to-day, if we will. Our souls hunger for it, God offers it to us all. "Come and take," says the Father of the World.

[From "Ten Sermons of Religion and Prayers," considerably abbreviated, omitting much illustrative matter, for which readers are referred to the book.]

After Five Years.

This issue begins the sixth year of our "Unitarian Monthly," which first became known as "Unity," and which still has its old name in its first motto word.

The Editor thanks all contributors and churches which have assisted him in this denominational enterprise. The magazine has not been published to make money, but to promote our Faith. So near to cost has the paper been supplied that on large parcels there has been an actual loss, the prices being less than cost of printing and distribution, this being made up by a slight profit on smaller packets and proceeds from the few advertisements. In seeking to make the adoption of the paper as a church magazine as little cost as possible to churches, the prices were cut too low, and henceforward on new orders of over 100 copies the actual amount of cost of carriage will have to be an extra charge. With no payment to Editor and contributors for their labour, the paper has paid its expenses from the beginning, and to that extent has been self-supporting, the small profit realised being kept as a reserve fund to meet contingencies. The Editor thanks the majority of his clients for their prompt payment of

accounts quarterly, enabling him to defray the liability to the printer; but the carelessness of some others in letting their accounts run on and accumulate, and so become more difficult to pay—has caused much needless trouble, extra expense in postages and correspondence, and considerable inconvenience. Everything possible is done to honourably fulfil all undertakings to supply to order regularly and promptly, so as not to disappoint churches and subscribers who depend on this being done, and, of course, the Editor and proprietor relies upon all the obligations to him being honourably performed, to enable him the better to do his duty, and trusts that he will have less trouble in this respect.

Expressions of satisfaction with the contents of the paper, its style and character, are many and frequent, and they are an encouragement; at the same time, the Editor knows that much might yet be done to make this Monthly still more helpful, and he is always glad to receive suggestions.

Postal Mission Work.

By MISS FLORENCE HILL,

Hon. Sec. Central Postal Mission and Unitarian Workers 'Union.

One of the most striking facts about Postal Mission work is the far reaching influence exerted by a few pamphlets or books when placed in the hands of religious enquirers, who delight in distributing or lending. We are constantly having evidence of this. A striking instance occurred lately, when the loan of a volume of Channing's "Perfect Life" and a few tracts sent to a lay-preacher produced quite a religious revolution. This lay-preacher had been brought up in a very narrow circle of orthodox dissent, and had known nothing of Unitarianism till he saw the advertisement offering Unitarian literature. He was at that time in a state of great doubt about many orthodox doctrines and almost dispaired of solving these problems. When he turned over leaves of Channing's book he found to his surprise and delight that it contained the very thoughts he had been dimly feeling after; the scales seemed to fall from his eyes, he felt he had stepped into the light and must not rest till he had brought others into it." We give a few extracts from his letters illustrating this.

"Words fail to express the help and blessing we have received from your literature, and as our little company is increasing to whom I am quietly lending what you send, I write to ask a special favour, that you will extend the time of loan for the "Perfect Life," for the benefit of others. Sometimes we have not broken up our little conversations together till midnight, and although we are but ordinary working people we have been helped intellectually and spiritually."

Later on a second letter came:

"Doubtless you will be wondering what has become of Dr. Channing's 'Perfect Life,' lent to me last April, you may be interested to know what use I have put it to, and some results of the circulation of the Unitarian literature. I have lent it to a master chemist and his assistant, Sunday school teachers a smith and his son, one is a local preacher, the other a deacon, he has read some aloud to his family; a choirmaster and a senior superintendent of a large Sunday school; a leather merchant also a superintendent and local preacher; a deacon secretary of the Local Home Missions; a factory worker, a Sunday school teacher, and several others. My wife and I are Sunday school teachers and I sometimes go local preaching and give addresses to Adult Schools. I think this is a fair list of steady circulation and quiet influence. What has been the result upon these readers? Everyone without exception has expressed delight at having discovered there were such writings, and more, these have voiced what to each has been a secret conviction but owing to want of an intelligent explanation they all felt they could not and dare not express to anyone. It has been to us all like caged, fettered, imprisoned spirits, and intellects set free, into a liberty which none feel disposed to give up. It has been a passing away of old things and our outlook on life has become new. As for myself and wife words could not express the change through which we have passed, into a new world of thought and spiritual awakening. How hungry we were for truth and righteousness! How thirsty for the fountains of living waters! untainted by mysticism and error. We thank you for spreading the light and truth and showing us the better way to the Father through these writings. . . I go, about once a quarter to address a Men's Adult School; since using notes from your literature great interest has been taken in the addresses. Sometimes there is an attendance of over 130 men of all ages. They have expressed pleasure and approval of what has been explained to them, and some have come asking to know where to obtain the writings from which I have been quoting. Just the same results have followed the local preaching of these truths wherever I have used them. Several more friends want to read Channing's 'Perfect Life.' When anyone gets hold of it they are not inclined to part with it for a long time, so please give me a date for its return if you desire it, and I will stop further circulation. I am anxious when it is returned to borrow another book, if possible one by Dr. Martineau. I hope you recognise us as co-workers with you in your Mission."

We do indeed value such co-workers and it is a source of joy and encouragement to think how many silent, unknown, humble workers there are, "God's hidden servants" all in their different ways working for the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth.

Notes and News.

"Not Understood"—Mr. W. F. Kennedy, of Ilkley, writes that the poem under the foregoing title, which appeared in our last issue as being anonymous—was written by Thomas Bracken, the New Zealand poet, at one time a journalist and a member of the N.Z. House of Representatives. He took to drink in his latter years, unfortunately, this being largely the cause of his poverty-stricken death. M. B. Spurr, the entertainer, came across the words when in Australia, and was so struck with their beauty and pathos that he regularly included the poem in his programme.

When the first number of "Unity" was issued, five years ago, the venture met with considerable discouragement from certain quarters. One of the ministers from whom the new fledgling met with somewhat rough treatment, and who wrote that he was in dread of people saying "Here is another rival for public favour; another drum-head to throw our ha'pence upon," now writes: "I always much admired the energy and pluck with which you have founded, defended, and sustained the paper."

Through the generous assistance of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, there will be special Sunday Evening Services at Unitarian churches in various parts of the kingdom during October and November, as well as some week-night lecturing. Some churches have also arranged for open-air meetings in October.

The Van Mission has not quite concluded its season as this issue goes to press, but when it has it will have been, as it is already proved to be, a more striking indication than any previous effort of the great need of the work and of its hearty appreciation from the public. The Editor, as missioner at Reading in September, was asked, amongst many other questions: "Why do not the ministers of the other denominations come out into the open and invite questions, as you do?" None of them do it. Would their orthodox doctrines stand the test of questions and discussion? How could they deal with the intelligent agnostic? The Unitarian missioner has to face both the extreme orthodox and the equally extreme agnostic, and it is no small education to the silent members of an open-air audience to notice how these two opposite extremes are dealt with. On his last evening at Reading, the Editor was answering questions from both sections from 8-50 to 10-50—two hours—after his lecture, and it was no small education for him, too. And even then the audience was willing to remain longer. The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are too few.

It is said that the Committee of the National Conference will bring a scheme for the federation of our churches and denominational organisations before the triennial meeting at Bolton in April next. If so, it is quite time that the outlines of that scheme were put before the churches, so that they may know what it is they will be asked to vote upon, and so that they may possess adequate opportunity of considering what amendments to it are desirable—if any. It is important that any scheme should aim to reconcile the work of the B. and F.U. Association with that attempted by the Conference. The churches should be in a position beforehand to instruct their delegates how to vote. It would be unfortunate if matters of great importance, demanding calm and mature consideration, were suddenly sprung upon the delegates previously unaware of the nature of what was coming.

The Rev. Alex. Webster, Aberdeen, has for 19 years held Sunday afternoon open-air meetings on Broad Hill in that city, inviting questions. The attendances averaged 800.

Mrs. Tingle, of Derby, has been preaching for the Coalville Unitarians, for whom a building is being erected (see advt.); the N. Lancashire and Westmoreland Unitarian Association has broken new ground at Kirkham, between Preston and Lytham, by holding three Wednesday evening open-air meetings, with encouraging results; Mrs. T. B. Broadrick has been conducting services at the Octagon Chapel, Norwich; the late Rev. Wm. Blazeby, of Sheffield, has bequeathed his library to the Unitarian Home Missionary College, Manchester, and £200; the Rev. Dr. Crooker, of Boston, U.S.A., has sent us a copy of his address on "Channing's Influence," and we are glad to see much of it reproduced in the pages of "The Christian Life"; the Woolwich congregation has acquired a fine old chapel, used many years by the Strict Baptists; the Rev. E. T. Russell, B.A., district missionary for Scotland, has been presented with a handsome umbrella by the Larbert Universalist Church, as a token of appreciation of his services in connection with the Van Mission in the locality, and services in their church; the Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham, of Channing's Arlington Street Church, Boston, U.S.A., has been on a visit to England to the Congress of the History of Religions, and has preached at our Ullet Road Church, Liverpool, before returning.

September has been a month of Congresses: The International Congress of the History of Religions at Oxford; the R.C. Eucharistic Congress at Westminster Cathedral, London; the World's Congress of Baptists at Berlin; the International Parliamentary Union at Berlin; Conference of Journalists at Manchester; the Moral Education Congress at London University.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES: The Rev. Gertrud von Petzold, M.A., resigned Free Christian Church, Leicester, to become minister near Chicago, U.S.A.; Rev. H. E. Haycock resigned Halliwell Road Church, Bolton; Rev. R. K. Davis, B.A., of Manchester College, Oxon., appointed assistant minister at Essex Church, London; Rev. E. R. Dennis, of Carmarthen College, appointed minister to Pentre and Clydach Vale, Rhondda Valley, S. Wales; Rev. A. Chalmers, resigned at Wakefield; the Rev. L. Tavener welcomed at Lydgate.

DEATHS: Miss Jane Garside, formerly of Stalybridge, at Cheltenham, Aug. 19th, 70 years; Eliza Brown, formerly of Bridport, at Parkstone, Dorset, Sept. 8th, 89 years; Mrs. C. H. Dale, Leicester, Sept.

8th, 62; Mr. Vincent Errington, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sept. 3rd, 78; Mr. W. C. Frankland, Bolton, Sept. 2nd, 61; Rev. J. K. Montgomery, Chester, Sep. 20th, 92 years.

SERVANT (General) wanted in Unitarian family. Country; good references required. Address to M., c/o Editor.

Manchester District Association of Presbyterian and Unitarian Churches.

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(President of the National Conference),

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Conferences at Memorial Hall, Saturday, the 17th (at 6-0); Monday, the 19th (Ministers 3-30; and on Social Service at 6-30); Thursday, the 22nd (at 6-30, Impressions of the Visit).

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— OR —
THE COMMITTEE .

Of every Unitarian Congregation, and to Church Members.

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